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Poetry.

THE BLIND GIRL.

Come mother—let me feel
The pressure of thy gentle hand in mine,
And know that thou art near; oh, love like thine
Is as a ray of sun-light to my heart.
Come mother, talk with me; that voice so mild
Like music greets the ear of thy blind child.

This is the summer time,
In at the open window perfumes come—
And brother says the roses are in bloom
Of every beauteous hue the rainbow wears.
Let me go and breathe this morning air,
And touch the flowers. Are they very fair?
I hear the joyous song
Of little birds, sporting among the trees.
Say—are they beautiful to on that sees?
Have they bright colors, such as have the flowers?
Tell me their plumage, mother—joy I find
Thinking what you can see, though I am blind.

Here, mother, let me rest,
Here, where I feel the soft breeze on my brow,
With trees and fragrant flowers around me now
I thank Our Father for the good bestowed,
He doeth all things well, I am resigned,
Mother, it was his will, and I am blind.

Often have I been sad
To think I ne'er could see this pleasant light,
To think life's morning, all to me, was night.
And oft dear mother, I have wept alone,
I pray God will forgive that sinful mind,
He judged it for the best—and I am blind.

And now His will be done.
At longest, in this darkness I shall stay
But little time; then, mother dear, you say,
There is a glorious happy home of joy.
No night is there. Bliss unalloyed is given.
None grope, none fall. *There are no blind in Heaven.*

A COUNTRY HOME.

Oh! give me a home, in the country wide,
A seat by the farmer's wood fireside,
Where the fire burns bright,
On a frosty night,
Where the jest, the song, and laugh are free—
Oh! the farmer's home is the home for me.

Oh! give me a home in the country wide,
When the earth comes out as a blushing bride,
With her buds and flowers,
In the bright spring hours,
Her bridal song ringing, from fresh-leaved trees,
And melody floats on the perfumed breeze.

In summer, a seat in a shady nook,
And close by the side of a cooling brook,
Where the violet grows,
Or the pale swamp rose,
Fainting and sick, 'neath the sun's scorching beam
Dips her fair petals in the cooling stream.

Oh! give me a home in the country wide,
In the golden days of a farmer's pride,
When his barns are filled
From the fields he's tilled,
And he feels that his yearly task is done,
Smiling at winter, he beckons him on.

A Select Tale.

THE IRON WILL.

BY HENRY G. LEE.

"Fanny! I've but one word more to say on the subject. If you marry that fellow, I'll have nothing to do with you. I've said it, and you may be sure that I'll adhere to my determination."

Thus spoke, with a frowning brow and a stern voice, the father of Fanny Crawford, while the maiden sat with eyes bent upon the floor.

"He's a worthless, good-for-nothing fellow," resumed the father, "and if you marry him, you wed a life of misery. Don't come back to me, for I will disown you the day you take his name. I've said it, and my decision is unalterable."

Still Fanny made no answer, but sat like a statue.

"Lay to heart what I have said, and make your election, girl." And with these words, Mr. Crawford retired from the presence of his daughter.

On that evening, Fanny Crawford left her father's house, and was secretly married to a young man named Logan, who, spite of all his faults, she tenderly loved.

When this fact became known to Mr. Crawford, he angrily repeated his threat of utterly disowning his child; and he meant what he said—for he was a man of stern purpose and unbending will. When, trusting to the love she believed him to bear for her, Fanny ventured home, she was rudely repulsed, and told that she no longer had a father. These cruel words fell upon her heart, and ever after rested there, an oppressive weight.

Logan was a young mechanic, with a good trade, and the ability to earn a comfortable living. But Mr. Crawford's objection to him was well founded, and it would have been much better for Fanny if she had permitted it to influence her; for the young man was idle in his habits, and Mr. Crawford too well saw that idleness would lead to dissipation. The father had hoped that his threat to disown his child would have deterred her from taking the step he so strongly disapproved. He had, in fact, made this threat as a last effort to save her from a union that would inevitably, lead to unhappiness. But having made it, his stubborn and offended pride caused him to adhere with stern inflexibility to his word.

When Fanny went from under her father's roof, the old man was left alone. The mother of his only child had been many years dead. For her father's sake, as well as her own, did Fanny wish to return. She loved her father with most earnest affection and thought of him sitting gloomy and companionless in that home so long made bright and cheerful by her voice and smile. Hours and hours would she lie awake at night, thinking of her father, and weeping for the estrangement of his heart from her. Still, there was in her bosom an ever living hope that he would relent; and to this she clung, though he passed her in the street without looking at her, and steadily denied her admission, when, in the hope of some change in his stern purpose, she would go to his house and seek to gain an entrance.

As the father had predicted, Logan added, in the course of a year or two, dissipation to ill-habits, and neglect of his wife to both.—They had gone to house-keeping in a small way, when first married, and had lived comfortably enough for some time. But Logan did not like to work, and made every excuse he could find, to take a holiday or to be absent from the shop. The effect of this was an insufficient income. Debt came with it, mortifying and harassing accompaniments, and furniture had to be sold to pay those who were not disposed to wait. With two little children, Fanny was removed into a cheap boarding-house, after their things were taken and sold. The company into which she was here thrown, was far from being agreeable; but this would have been no source of unhappiness in itself. Cheerfully would she have breathed the uncongenial atmosphere, if there had been nothing in the conduct of her husband to awaken feelings of anxiety. But, alas! there was much to create unhappiness here. Idle days were much more frequent; and the consequence of his idle days grew more and more serious. From work, he would come sober and cheerful; but after spending a day in idle company, or in the woods gaming, a sport of which he was fond, he would meet his wife with a sullen, dissatisfied aspect, and, often, in a state little above intoxication.

"I'm afraid thy son-in-law is not doing very well, friend Crawford," said a plain-spoken Quaker, to the father of Mrs. Logan after the young man's habits began to show themselves too plainly in his personal appearance.

Mr. Crawford knit his brows, and drew his lips closely together.

"Has thee seen young Logan lately?"

"I don't know the young man," replied Mr. Crawford, with an impatient motion of his head.

"Don't know thy son-in-law! The husband of thy daughter!"

"I have no son-in-law!—No daughter!" said Crawford, with stern emphasis.

"Frances was the daughter of thy wedded wife, friend Crawford."

But I have disowned her. I forewarned her of the consequences if she married that young man. I told her that I would cast her off forever; and I have done it.'

"But friend Crawford," replied the Quaker, "thee has done wrong."

"I've said it, and I'll stick to it."

"But thee has done wrong, friend Crawford,' repeated the Quaker.

"Right or wrong, it is done, and I will not recall the act. I gave her fair warning; but she took her own course, and now she must abide the consequences. When I say a thing, I mean it; I never eat my words."

"Friend Crawford," said the Quaker, in a steady voice, and with his calm eyes fixed upon the face of the man he addressed—

"Thee was wrong to say what thee did; thee had no right to cast off thy child. I saw her to-day, passing slowly along the street. Her dress was thin and faded; but not so thin and faded as her pale young face. Ah! if thee could have seen the sadness of that countenance! Friend Crawford, she is thy child still. Thee cannot disown her."

"I never change," replied the resolute father.

"She is the child of thy beloved wife now in heaven, friend Crawford."

"Good morning!" and Crawford turned and walked away.

"Rash words are bad enough," said the Quaker, to himself, "but how much worse it is to abide by rash words after there has been time for reflection and repentance."

Crawford was troubled by what the Quaker said, but more troubled by what he saw a few minutes afterwards, as he walked along the streets, in the person of his daughter's husband. He met the young man, supported by two others—so much intoxicated that he could not stand alone. And in this state he was going to his wife—to Fanny.

The father clenched his hands, set his teeth firmly together, muttered an imprecation upon the head of Logan, and quickened his pace homeward. Try as he would, he could not shut out from his mind the pale, faded countenance of his child, as described by the Quaker, nor help feeling an inward shudder at the thought of what she must suffer on meeting her husband in such a state.

"She has only herself to blame," he said, as he struggled with his feelings. "I forewarned her. I gave her to understand clearly what she had to expect. My word is passed. I have said it, and that ends the matter. I am no childish trifler. What I say, I mean."

Logan had been from home all day, and what was worse, he had not been, as his wife was well aware, at the shop for a week.—The woman with whom they were boarding, came into the room during the afternoon, and, after some hesitation and embarrassment, said—

"I am sorry to tell you, Mrs. Logan, that I want you to give up your room after this week. You know I have had no money from you for nearly a month, and, from the way your husband goes on, I see little prospect of being paid anything more. If I was able, for your sake, I would not say a word; but I am not, Mrs. Logan, and therefore must, in justice to myself and family, require you to get another boarding house."

Mrs. Logan answered only with tears.—The woman tried to soften what she had said, and then went away.

Not long after this, Logan came stumbling up stairs, and opening the door of his room, staggered in and threw himself heavily upon the bed. Fanny looked at him a few moments and burst into tears. The thought of her desolate and lonely condition, disowned by her father and neglected by her husband, destitute and about to be thrust from the poor home into which she had sunk, faint and weary, it seemed as if hope, were gone forever. While she suffered thus, Logan lay in a drunken sleep. Arousing herself at last, she removed his boots and coat, drew a pillow under his head, and threw a coverlet over him. She then sat down and wept again. The tea bell rung but she did not go to the table. Half an hour afterwards, the landlady came to the door and kindly enquired if she would not have some food sent to her if she would not have some food sent to her room.

"Only a little bread and milk for Henry," was the reply.

"Let me send you up a cup of tea," urged the woman.

"No, thank you; I don't wish for anything to-night."

The women went away feeling troubled. From her heart she pitied the suffering young creature; it had cost her a painful struggle to do what she had done; but the pressing nature of her own circumstances, required her to be rigedly just. Notwithstanding Mrs. Logan had declined having anything, she sent her a cup of tea and something to eat; but they remained untasted.

On the next morning Logan was sober, and his wife informed him of the notice which their landlady had given. He was angry and used harsh language towards the woman. Fanny defended her; and had the harsh language transferred to her own head.

The young man appeared as usual at the breakfast table, but Fanny had no appetite for food, and did not go down. After breakfast, Logan went to the shop, intending to go to work, but found his place supplied by another journeyman, and himself thrown out of employment, with but a single dollar in his pocket, a month's boarding due, and his family in need of almost every comfort. From the shop he went to a tavern, took a glass of liquor and sat down to look over the newspapers, and think what he should do. There he met an idle journeyman, who like himself, had lost his situation. A fellow feeling made them communicative and confidential.

"If I was only a single man," said Logan, "I wouldn't care. I could easily shift for myself.

"Wife and children! Yes, there's the rub a journeyman mechanic is a fool to get married," returned the other.

"Then you and I are both fools," said Logan.

"No doubt of it, I came to that conclusion in regard to myself, long and long ago. Sick wife, hungry children, and four or five backs to cover; no wonder a poor man's nose is ever on the grindstone. For my part, I am sick of it. When I was a single man, I could go where I pleased, and do what I pleased; and I always had money in my pocket. Now I am tied down to one place, and grumbled at eternally; and if you were to shake me from here to the Navy Yard, you wouldn't get a sixpence out of me. The fact is, I am sick of it."

"So am I. But what is to be done? I don't believe I can get work in town."

"I know I can't. But there is plenty of work and good wages to be had in Charleston or New Orleans,"

Logan did not reply; but looked intenly into his companion's face.

"I'm sure my wife would be a great deal better off if I were to clear out and leave her. She has plenty of friends, and they'll not see her want."

Logan still looked at his fellow journeyman.

"And your wife would be taken back under her father's roof, where there is enough and to spare. Of course she would be happier than she is now."

"No doubt of that. The old rascal has treated her shabbily enough. But, I am well satisfied, that if I were out of the way, he would gladly receive her back again."

"Of this there can be no question. So, it is clear, that with our insufficient incomes, our presence is a curse rather than a blessing to our families."

Logan readily admitted this to be true.—His companion then drew a newspaper towards him, and after running his eyes over it for a few moments, read:

"This day at 12 o'clock, the copper fastened brig, Emily, for Charleston. For freight or passage, apply on board."

"There's a chance for us," he said, as he finished reading the advertisement. "Let us go down and see if they won t let us work our passage."

Logan sat thoughtful a moment, and then said, as he arose to his feet:

"Agreed. It'll be the best thing for us as well as for our families."

When the Emily sailed at twelve o'clock, the two men were on board.

Days came and passed, until the heart of Mrs. Logan grew sick with anxiety, fear and suspense. No word was received from her absent husband. She went to his old employer, and learned that he had been discharged; but she could find no one who had heard of him since that time. Left thus alone, with two little children, and no apparent means of support, Mrs. Logan, when she became, at length, clearly satisfied that he, for whom she had given up everything had heartlessly abandoned her, she felt as if there was no hope for her in the world.

"Go to your father by all means," urged the woman with whom she was still boarding. "Now that your husband is gone, he will receive you."

"I cannot," was Fanny's reply.

"But what will you do?" asked the woman.

"Work for my children," she replied, arousing herself, and speaking with some resolution. "I have hands to work, and I am willing to work."

"Much better go home to your father," said the woman.

"That is impossible. He has disowned me, and ceased to love me or care for me.—I cannot go to him again; for I could not bear as I am now, another harsh repulse.—No—no—I will work with my own hands—God will help me provide for my children."

In this spirit, the almost, heart-broken young woman, for whom the boarding-house keeper felt more than a common interest—an interest that would not let her thrust her out from the only place she could call her home—sought for work, and was fortunate enough to obtain sewing from two or three families, and thus enabled her to pay a light board for herself and children. But incessant toil with her needle, continued late at night and resumed early in the morning gradually undermined her health, which had became delicate, and weariness and pains became the constant companions of her labor.

Sometimes in carrying her work home, the forsaken would have to pass the old home of her girlhood, and twice she saw her father at the window. But, either she was changed so that he did not know his child, or he would not bend from his stern resolution to disown her. On these two occasions she was unable on her returning, to resume her work. He fingers could not hold or guide the needle; nor could she, from the blinding tears that filled her yes, have seen to sew, even if her hands had lost the tremor that ran through every nerve of her body.

A year had rolled wearily by, since Logan went off, and still no word had come from the absent husband. Labor beyond her bodily strength, and grief that was to severe for her spirit to bear, had done sad work upon the forsaken and disowned child. She was but a shadow of her former self.

Mr. Crawford had been very shy of the old Quaker, who had spoken so plainly; but his words had made some impression on him, though no one would have supposed so, as there was no change in his conduct towards his daughter. He had forewarned her of the consequence if she acted in opposition to his wishes. She had taken her own way, and word—his word that had ever been inviolate. He might forgive her; he might pity her; but she must remain a stranger. Such a direct and flagrant act of disobedience to his wishes, was not to be forgotten nor forgiven.—Thus, in stubborn pride did his heart confirm itself in its cold and cruel estrangement. Was he happy? No! Did he forget his child! No! He thought of her, and dreamed of her, day after day, night after night. But—he had said it, and he would stick to it! His pride was unbending as iron.

Of the fact that the husband of Fanny had gone off and left her with two children to provide for with the labor of her hands, he had been made fully aware. but it did not bend him from his stern purpose.

"She is nothing to me." was his impatient reply, to the one who informed him of the fact. This was all that could be seen, but his heart trembled at the intelligence.

Nevertheless, he stood coldly aloof, month after month, and even repulsed, angrily, the kind landlady with whom Fanny boarded, who had attempted, all unknown to the daughter, to awaken sympathy for her in her father's heart.

One day, the old Friend, whose plain words had not pleased Mr. Crawford, met that gentleman, near his own door. The Quaker was leading a little boy by the hand. Mr. Crawford bowed, and evidently wished to pass on, but the Quaker paused, and said—

"I should like to have a few words with thee friend Crawford."

"Well, say on."

"Thee is known as a benevolent man, friend Crawford. Thee never refuses, it is said, to do a deed of charity."

"I always give something when I am sure the object is deserving."

"So I am aware. Do you see this little boy?"

Mr. Crawford glanced down at the child the Quaker held by the hand. As he did so, the child lifted to him, a gentle face, with mild, earnest loving eyes.

"It is a sweet little fellow," said Mr. Crawford, reaching his hand to the child.—He spoke with some feeling, for there was a look about the boy that went to his heart.

"It is, indeed, a sweet child—and the image of a poor, sick almost heart-broken mother, for whom I am trying to awaken an interest. She has two children, and this one is the oldest. Her husband is dead, or what may be as bad, perhaps worse, as far as she is concerned, dead to her; and she does not seem to have a relative in the world; at least none who think about or care for her. In trying to provide for her children, she has overtasked her delicate frame, and made herself sick. Unless something is done for her, a worse thing must follow.—She must go to the Alms house, and be separated from her children. Look into the sweet, innocent face of this dear child, and let your heart say whether he ought to be taken from his mother. If she have a woman's feelings, must she not love the child tenderly; and can any one supply to him his mother's place?"

"I will do something for her, certainly," Mr. Crawford said.

"I wish thee would go with me to see her."

"There is no use in that. My seeing her can do no good. Get all you can for her, and then come to me. I will help in the good work cheerfully," replied Mr. Crawford.

"That is thy dwelling, I believe," said the Quaker looking around at a house adjoining the one before which they stood.

"Yes, that is my house," resumed Crawford.

"Will thee take this little boy in with thee and keep him a few moments, while I go to see a friend some squares off?"

"Oh, certainly. Come with me, dear." And Mr. Crawford held out his hand to the child who took it without hesitation.

"I will see thee in a little while," said the Quaker, as he turned away.

The boy who was plainly, but very neatly dressed, was about four years old. He had a more than usually attractive face, and an earnest look out of his mild eyes, that made every one who saw him his friends.

"What's your name, my dear?" asked Mr. Crawford, as he sat down in his parlor, and took the little fellow upon his knee.

"Henry," replied the child. He spoke with distinctness; and, as he spoke, there was a sweet expression of the lips and eyes, that was particularly winning.

"It is Henry, is it?"

"Yes, sir."

"What else besides Henry?"

The boy did not reply, for he had fixed his eyes upon a picture that hung over the mantle and was looking at it intently. The eyes of Mr. Crawford followed those of the child, that rested, he found, on the portrait of his daughter.

"What else besides Henry?" he repeated.

"Henry Logan," replied the child, looking for a moment into the face of Mr. Crawford, and then turning to gaze at the picture on the wall. Every nerve quivered in the frame of that man of iron will. The darting of a bolt from a sunny sky, could not have surprised him more. He saw in the face of the child, the moment he looked at him, something strangely familiar and attractive. What it was, he did not at this instant comprehend. But it was no longer a mystery.

"Do you know who I am?" he asked in a subdued voice, after he had recovered, at some extent, his feelings.

The child looked again into his face, but longer and more earnestly. Then, without answering, he turned and looked at the portrait on the wall.

"Do you know who I am, dear?" repeated Mr. Crawford.

"No, sir," replied the child; and then again turned to gaze upon the picture.

"Who is that?" and Mr. Crawford pointed to the object that so fixed the little boy's attention.

"My mother!" and as he said these words he laid his head down upon the bosom of his unknown relative, and shrunk close to him as if half afraid because of the mystery that in his infantile mind, hung around the picture on the wall.

Moved by an impulse that he could not restrain, Mr. Crawford drew his arms around the child, and hugged him to his bosom.—Pride gave way; the iron will was bent; the sternly uttered vow was forgotten. There is power for good in the presence of the little child. Its sphere of innocence subdues and renders impotent the evil spirits that rule in the hearts of selfish men. It was so in this case. Mr. Crawford might have withstood the moving appeal of even his daughter's presence, changed by grief, labor, and suffering, as she was. But his anger, upon which he had suffered the sun to go down, fled before her artless, confiding, innocent child. He thought not of Fanny—as the wilful woman acting from the dictates of her own passion or feeling; but as a little child, lying on his bosom—as a little child singing and dancing around him—as a little child, with to him the face of a cherub; and the sainted image of that innocent one by her side.

When the Friend came for the little boy Mr. Crawford said to him in a low voice,—made low to hide his emotion—

"I will keep the child."

"From its mother?"

"No! Bring the mother, and the other child. I have room for them all."

A sunny smile passed over the benevolent countenance of the Friend, as he hastily left the room.

Mrs. Logan, worn down by exhausting labor, had at last been forced to give up.—When she did give up, every long strained nerve of mind and body, instantly relaxed; and she became almost as weak and helpless as an infant. While in this state, she was accidentally discovered by the kind-hearted old Friend, who without her being aware of what he was going to do, made his successful attack upon her father's feelings. He trusted to nature and a good cause, and did not trust in vain.

"Come Mrs. Logan," said the kind woman with whom Fanny was still boarding, an hour or so after little Henry had been dressed up to take a walk—where, the mother did not know or think,—"the good Friend, who was here this morning, says you must ride out. He has brought a carriage for you. It will do you good, I know. He is very kind. Come get yourself ready."

Mrs. Logan was lying upon her bed.

"I do not feel able to get up," she replied, "I do not wish to ride out."

"Oh yes you must go. The pure fresh air, and the change will do you more good than medicine. Come, Mrs. Logan, I will dress little Julia for you. She needs the change as much as you do."

"Where is Henry?" asked the mother.

"He has not returned yet. But come, the carriage is waiting at the door."

"Won't you go with me?"

"I would with pleasure—but I cannot leave home! I have so much to do."

After a good deal of persuasion, Fanny at length made the effort to get herself ready to go out. She was so weak that she tottered about the floor like one intoxicated.—But the woman assisted and encouraged her, until, she was, at length, ready to go.—Then the Quaker came up to her room, and with the tenderness and care of a father, supported her down stairs, and when she had ken her place in the vehicle, entered with the youngest child in his arms, and sat by her side speaking to her, as he did so, kind and encouraging words.

The carriage was driven slowly, for a few squares, and then stopped. Scarcely had the motion ceased, when the door was suddenly opened, and Mr. Crawford stood before his daughter.

"My poor child!" he said, in a tender, broken voice, as Fanny, overcome by his unexpected appearance, sunk forward into his arms.

When the suffering young creature opened her eyes again, she was upon her own bed in her own room, in her old home. Her father sat by her side, and held one of her hands tightly. There were tears in his eyes, he tried to speak; but though his lips moved there came from them no articulate sound.

"Do you forgive me, father! Do you forgive me, father!" said Fanny, in a strong whisper, half rising from her pillow and looking eagerly, almost agonizingly into her father's face.

"I have nothing to forgive," murmured her father, as he drew his daughter towards him so that her head could lie again in his bosom.

"But do you love me, father?" said Fanny, "love me as of old?"

He bent down and kissed her; and now the tears fell from his eyes, and lay warm and glistening upon her face.

"As of old," he murmured, laying his cheeks down upon that of his child, and and clasped her more tightly in his arms.

And while he held her thus in his arms, the long pent up waters of affection were gushing over his soul, and obliterating the worldly pride, anger and the iron will that had retained them in their cruel dominion. He was no longer a man, stern and rigid in his purpose; but a child, with a loving and tender heart.

There was light again in his dwelling not the bright light of other times; for now the rays were mellowed. But it was light. And there was music again; not so joyous but it was music, and its spell over his heart was deeper, and its influence more elevating.

The man with the iron will and stern purpose was subdued, and the power that subdued him was the presence of a little child.

Select Miscellany.

Friendship.

Friendship is the attraction of sympathetic natures. It is the solid foundation, as love is the brilliant apex of social happiness. The man who dwells apart, without friends devoted to him as he is to them, is a miserably isolated being—a sort of demon exercising an evil, blighting, and pernicious influence. Even if he be benevolently disposed he lacks the natural ducts and channels for his benevolence. But this is a rare case The man without friends, is generally an incarnation of cold absorbant selfishness, a lonely beast of prey, a vampyre sucking the blood of his fellow creatures.

Philanthropy without frindship is a chimera. Friendship is the bond of union between all men. It is the essence of that truth of which Free Masonry is the form. It is that electric chain which girdles the earth.

Friendship realizes on a small scale what communism pitcures on a large one.

We have seen in London half a dozen embryo celebrites, whose pens have since spoken to millions in every quarter of the globe, assembled at the corner of a street debating, not the regeneration of society, but the means of raising a dinner. What was the result? An adjournment to the present writer's apartments, and the devotion of the common stock, some three or four shillings sterling, to a simple but right joyous meal. But for this device one out of the six might have died at a rustaurant, and the rest dined as dined the Barmecide.

It is among literary men that friendship (as indeed all other things) is best comprehended and most nobly acted on; so much so that we scarcely have known an instance in Europe or America, out of a large acquaintance with this poor nobility of talent, of one who ever dreamed that sharing his last dollar with another who required it, was anything more than a simple point of honor due, not to his friend, but to his own self-respect.

It is for this reason that we so often find men of letters imbued with an intense contempt for men of business, whose caution and selfishness appear to the student of higher truths than the mysteries of profit and loss, downright meanness and cowardice. It is impossible for the man of thought to understand how the man of matter can be so dreadfully afraid of parting with material wealth.

We take this friendship subsisting between the most cultivated and highly organized claps of men to be the type of a perfect society. Among themselves this class, and this class only, recognizes the claim of manhood to the satisfaction of its desires and appetites. They give freely, with no regard for the future. They trust to the destinies, and not to individual obligations. They, more than any others, carry out the spirit of Christianity, doing unto others as they would have others do unto them.

Much is said about the prodigality, the poverty, and the vices of men of letters.—Let also friendship, humanity, and generosity be named among their qualities. Most of those who criticise them belong to the very scum of the world, whose sympathies rather incline to the hard creed of Gude—an eye for an eye, a tooth for a tooth, a dollar for a dollar—than to the gentler faith of a tolerant and pitying philosophy.

The saddest thing in friendship is the constant separation from those who have lived in our thoughts as we in their. At this moment we see in dim spiritual vision, editors and artists, poets, physicians, lawyers and soldiers, scattered over every region of the earth, with whom we have lived in the intimacy of that intellectual brotherhood, which, woman's love apart, constitutes the greatest enjoyment of life. One is at Calcutta, others in Australia, others in California, others in France, England, Poland, Italy, Turkey, or Egypt. Some have flown South, some have gone West. Perhaps we shall see but few of them again—these young and fiery spirits of the age—with whom we lived in such close communion of ideas, destined, perhaps, to influence the whole life of our race. Yet it is a pleasant thing to feel that, in every quarter of the globe are noble, generous, devoted spirits, who remember the bygone days when in Paris, London, Berlin, New York, and other cities, we lived the life of men, ambitious at least of "deserving" that "success" which it is "not in nature" to "command."

WILLIAM NORTH.

The Death of Cromwell.

Cromwell died in the plenitude of his power and greatness. He had succeeded beyond all expectation, far more than any other of those men had succeeded, who, by their genius have raised themselves, as he had done, to supreme authority; for he had attempted and accomplished, with equal success, the most opposite designs. During eighteen years that he had been an ever-victorious actor on the world's stage, he had alternately sown disorder and established order, effected and banished revolution, overthrown and restored government, in his country. At every moment, under all circumstances, he had distinguished, with admirable sagacity, the dominant interests and passions of the time, so as to make them instruments of his own rule—careless whether he belied his antecedent conduct so long as he triumphed in concert with the popular instinct, and explaining the inconsistencies of his conduct by the ascendant unity of his power. He is, perhaps, the only example which history affords of one man having governed the most opposite events, and proved sufficient for most various destinies. And in the course of his violent and changeful career, incessantly exposed to all kinds of enemies and conspiracies. Cromwell experienced this crowning favor of fortune, that his life was never actually attacked; the sovereign against whom killing had been declared to be no murder, never found himself face to face with an assassin. The world has never known another example of success at once so constant and so various, or of fortune so invariably favorable, in the midst of such manifold conflicts and perils. Yet Cromwell's death bed was clouded with gloom. He was not only unwilling to die, but also and most of all, to die without having attained his real and final object. However his great egotism may have been, his soul was too great to rest satisfied with the highest fortune, if it were merely personal, and like himself, of ephemeral earthly duration. Weary of the ruin he had caused, it was his cherished wish to restore to his country a regular and stable government—the only government which was suited to its wants—a Monarchy under the control of parliament. And at the same time, with an ambition which extended beyond the grave, under the influence of the thirst for permanence which is the stamp of true greatness, he aspired to leave his name and race in possession of the throne. He failed in both designs; his crimes had raised up obstacles against him, which neither his prudent genius nor his persevering will could surmount; and though covered, as far as himself was concerned, with power and glory, he died with his dearest hopes frustrated, and leaving behind him, as his successors, the two enemies whom he had so ardently combated—and the Stuarts. God does not grant to those great men who have laid the foundation of their greatness amidst disorder and revolution the power of regulating, at their pleasure, and for succeeding ages, the government of nations.—*Guizot's Cromwell.*

YANKEES IN THE SOUTH.—Many of these enterprising sons of toil are settling in the vicinity of Washington. In Fairfax county whole neighborhoods are now composed of these industrious people. The skill and spirit of progress always displayed by them cannot fail to put a new face upon many of the apparently worn out farms both in Virginia and in Maryland. Already their perseverance and industry has caused an increase in the price of farming lands in Fairfax county, and south of the eastern branch, where many of them have located. The question may be asked, whether the settlement in our midst of this enterprising people will have a favorable effect upon the price of produce in market? The impression seems to prevail among many that their fondness for good living, and their disposition to make use of all available means to increase their store of this world's goods, has and will induce them to continue to keep up the prices in our markets.